CHARLES 2. By the Grace of GOD King
of England, Scotland, France and Ireland.

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LACHRIMÆ
sive Valedictio
SCOTIÆ
Sub Discessum.

Clarissimi prudentissimi & pientissimi

GUBERNAOTRIS

DOMINI

GEORGII MONACHI

In *ANGLIAM* Revocati.

Authore *Gulielmo Moorhead* Nov. Coll. *Oxon* Soc.

THE

TEARS
And Valediction of
SCOTLAND

Upon the departing of her Governour, the Lord Generall *GEORGE MONCK*:

And *Londons* welcome Reception of his Excellencie,

For being instrumentall in the bringing home our Gracious Soveraign Lord King *CHARLES* the Second.

LONDON,

Printed by *H. Brugis*, living at the Sign of the *Sir Iohn Old-Castle* in *Pye-Corner*, for the Author, 1660.

Invictiſſimo Monarchæ CAROLO *Secundo Deo Gratia Magnæ* Britanniæ, Franciæ, & Hiberniæ *Regi, Fidei Defenſori,* &c.

BEllipotens, delapſe Polo! noſtri *Hannibal* Ævi
Cæſaridum, Quo Te *Cæſare, Cæſar* hebet,
Cui Laudum conſurgit Apex, & onuſta Tro-
Gloria, finitimis facta tremenda plagis. (phæis
Noſtri *Atlas* ter magne Orbis! cui Robur in Armis
Inque Animis, geminos ſubdere poſſe polos.
Regnorum, Mundiq; Tremor! Quid plura? modeſta
Fronte, capit Laudes Mens generoſa ſuas.
Indulge, O! Veſtras ſtrepitu ſi turbet olivas
Muſa *Caledonii* nata ſub axe poli.
Quoque alios Tu Sole ſoles hilarare, trementem
Me me hilara radiis (Candide *Phæbe*) Tuis
Dum Cunctis manſuetus ades? num forte repellat
Triſtis ab obtuitu (*CAROLE* Magne) Tuo
Comprime Te, Numenq; Tuum, dum noſtra recur-
Ne nimio Veſtri Numine, Muſa perit, (rat,

Majeſtatis veſtræ ſervus
Humilis & devotiſſimus,

GU. MOORHEAD N. C. S.

To

To the Most High and Mighty Monarch CHARLES the Second, by the Grace of God King of Great *Britain*, *France* and *Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, &c.

HEavens potent Champion; our times Hanibal!
Cesar, his Trophies, must to Yours, let fall.
Such Praise, and Triumphs do adorn your Fame,
That forraign Countries tremble at your Name.
Great Atlas *of our Orbe! whose armed Might,*
And power o're Minds, can both the Poles affright;
The World, and Kingdoms fear! What more? brave Souls
Their Prayses with contracted brows controuls.
If my poor Muse, born in a Northern Clime,
Disturbe your Lawrell, pardon (Sir) the crime;
You, who alone (like Phœbus*) vigour give,*
Inspire me with your beams, and I shall live.
Shall I (Great CHARLES*) be banisht from Your sight,*
Whose Clemency all things to You invite?
Draw in Your Glories, whilst I sing Your Praise,
Least my Muse perish by Your God-like Rayes.

The Effigies of his Excellencie GEORG MONCK Gen.l
of all the Forces in England Scotland & Ireland
and General at Sea &c:

R. Gaywood. fecit

P. Stent excudit

LACHRIMÆ

sive Valedictio

SCOTIÆ

Sub Discessum.

Clarissimi prudentissimi & pientissimi

GUBERNATORIS

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Excellentiſsimo Clariſsimo et Prudentiſsimo Domino, Domino GEORGIO MONCK *Exercituum Magnæ* Britanniæ *&* Hyberniæ *Generali.*

URbis & Orbis Amor, dis Candide, Gentis Avitæ
Deliciæ, & Patriæ cara Medela tuæ.
Fama Tui attonitum cum repleat inclyta Mundum?
Noſtra ne, erit Famæ Buccina, Muſa, Tuæ?
Spirat Hyperboreis tanto te Præſide terris,
Et reſonat Factis terra *Britanna* tuis.
Primus in Heroum numero ſpectabere, Primus
Reſtrinxtique Armis Arma ſuperba Tuis,
Quùm calida hæc premeret *Lamberti* factio Regna
RUMPuntur veſtra, vincula noſtra manu.
Eheu! præcipites ruimus diſcordibus Armis,
In diverſa trahunt Ambitio, Ira, Dolus.
In vetitum trahimur, damnoſaque poſcimus Arma
Tu mira ſanas ſæcla *Machaon* ope.
Prælia quis Te plura iniit tam *Marte* ſecundo?
Quis Te Virtute, aut Nobilitate prior?
Robore, Mente, Animis ingens, ingentior auſis.
Quem tibi, quem dederint ſæcula priſca parem?
Schiſmatici fruſtra Arma petunt, cœlumq; minantur
Frænati, cunctis tu ſatis unus eris.

Sat

To his Excellency *George Monck*, Lord Generall of all the Forces of *England*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*.

THE World and Cities Joy, of God and Man
Beloved, thy Countreys dear Phyſitian.
When all the Earth doth Trophees to You raiſe,
Why ſhould my Muſe not trumpet out your praiſe?
Scotland *of ſuch a Preſident doth boaſt,*
Your deeds are Ecchoʼd round our Britiſh *coaſt:*
Amongſt the Hero's you deſerve to be
Ranckʼd firſt, who firſt did conquer Tyranny,
When Lamberts *Faction plagued us more and more,*
You dockt the RUMP, *and turnʼd them out of dore:*
Alas! weʼre headlong into diſcord hurlʼd.
Pride, Anger, and Deceit inflames the World;
Whilſt old ſores bleed afreſh, and rage abounds,
You (like Machaon) *heal our gaping Wounds.*
What man eʼre drew a Sword with ſuch ſucceſs?
Who is like you in worth and nobleneſs?
Great in your ſtrength, and ſpirit, greater farre
In bold Attempts; who can with you compare?
In vain Phanatiques *take up Armes, ſince you*
Alone ſuffice their Armies to ſubdue.

Im

Sat mihi te tanto coram prodire Patrono;
Sat mihi me veſtro poſſe ſub orbe legi.
Te ſequor uſq; libens; hæc Tecum Pignora dextræ;
Hancque Animam Patriæ do, voveoque meæ.
Quod ſi inopina meis ſurgat laus ulla Camænis,
Sola erit in laudes attribuenda tuas.
Iſtaque ſi noſtræ placeant primordia Muſæ,
Hæcque repentinis carmina ſcripta ſonis,
Reſtat Opus quo (Te invito) formidine pulſa
Ebibet Oceanum Muſa benigna tuum.
Romani Arma gerunt, ſubnixi viribus Orbis,
Vires Arma Orbis, dextera ſola tua
Romanam ut *Fabius* cunctando Reſtituit REM
Sic Auctor Patriæ Pacis es, atque Pater.
Des divina Deo, tua ſerves, ſint ſua REGI,
Cuique ſuum tribuens, ſic tibi ſurgat honos
Accipe *Wickhamici* clara ex Antiſtitis Ædde
Exigui ingenii Pignora cara Mei.

V. E. ex fratre amantiſſimo
Nepotis & ſervi addictiſſimi,
Gulielmi Moorehead novi Coll. Soc.

To

I'm ſatisfied, if theſe lines may before
My Patron come; but houour'd if read o're.
Upon your Lordſhip, willingly I waite,
And thus my Countreys Genius dedicate.
If my poor Muſe gain unexpected Bayes,
I'le render back to you alone the praiſe.
If theſe beginnings of our Poetry
(Written in haſt) unto you pleaſing be,
A Work remaines, wherein (againſt your will)
My Muſe her ſalys ſhall at your Ocean fill.
With the whole world the Romans did contend,
Your right hand onely doth the Globe defend.
Fabius *Cunctation did reſtore the* Thing;
You bring us peace in bringing home the King.
Glory to God, to Cæſar *his due give,*
To each his own, and your Fame long ſhall live.
From Biſhop Wickhams *Famous Colledge ſent*
Theſe lines I to your Lordſhip do preſent.

LA-

LACHRIMÆ
Sive Valedictio
SCOTIÆ

Scotia expostulatio.

SIc vario Rectore ferar? nunquamne recurret
Dulce favens noſtræ ſtabilis conſtantia ſorti?
Fortunæ ſic ludus eam? velut icta rotatu
Aſſiduo tenues vorſum pila fertur in auras;
Concuſſæ cui nulla quies? ſic uſque ſereno
Obveniet nox atra meo? vicibuſque ſiniſtris
Turbida Solſtitium tenebrabunt nubila noſtrum?
Tantiſper ſtabili ſic O! viduata Magiſtro,
Hæc mea cæruleo jactabitur Inſula Nereo?
Nec conſtans Palinurus erit? Semperne phacelus
Trita tot oppoſitis diſtendet Carbaſa ventis?
(a) *Scotia.* Sic teritur varioque (a) Chelys tot pollice torpens
Rauca tot attonito diffundet murmura mundo,
Diſcordi ſtridore crepans! miſerere Sororis
(b) *Anglia.* Regnorum vos diva (b) tremor? cui tanta recumbunt
Imperia, & noſtri moles quota, quanta Coloſſi
Barbitos

THE

TEARES

And valedi&tion of

SCOTLAND

HOw various is my Government? will Fate
Ne're bring me back to a more constant state?
Am I the sport of Fortune? like a Ball
Bandyed about the Air, from wall to wall,
Not finding rest? must sable night still shroud
My serene looks? and muffle in a cloud
Our Solstice? shall my widowed Isle be tost
In troubled Seas, like a Boat that hath lost
Her guide? shall I no constant Pilot find?
Must my Bark ever sail against the wind?
My harp is torn, and all its strings untun'd,
By divers rude hands toucht! a jarring sound
It yeilds th' astonisht world! Pitty o (Dear)
Great Goddess England *(whom all Nations fear)*
Thy suffering Sister. Europe *thee obeys,*
On thee the weight of our Colossus lyes.

Barbitos en rigidis quondam temerata choraulis
(Triſte ſub Arcadicis poſtquam increpuiſſet aſellis)
Dulce quid ô noſtris, poſt tot modo rauca colonis,
Te *Moncho* modulante dedit, quo Preſide plectrum
Extima divino rapuit confinia cantu;
Deſuper hic Cœlo tandem delapſus ab alto
Dux mihi de pulſo ſucceſſit *Orione*, *Arion*,
Flexanimi oppoſitas reſonando pectine chordas.
Dumque coaxantes avido de gutture Ranas,
Graſſantes olim per paſcua noſtra cicadas,
Summus *Atlas* noſtris poſtquam heu! expulſus ab oris.
Scilicet hunc dulcem mihi tandem indultus olorem
Hic equidem mihi primus olor, mihi primus *Arion*
Concinuit perdulce melos, plectroque retenſo
Torpida tripudiis ſtimulavit viſcera lætis.

Per Orion ſubinnuit priſtinos reges, aut gubernat. natores.

Nec mora divino tandemque *Monachius* æſtro
Arte, & Marte, potens parili, Semonis adempti,
Scandit ovans tumulos ſucceſſor *Orionis*, *Orpheus*
Invehitur, Regimenque ſubit, Cytharæq; remiſſæ
Fila repentino paſſim diſcordia raptu
Harmonicis ſociando ſonis, modulamine miro
Arboreos de ſede choros, fluvioſque, feraſque,
Saxeaque Angelico perrupit pectora cantu,
Præſide quo *Stigii* tremuere umbroſa Tyranni
Limina, ſuſpirans imo de corde *Megera*
Ingemuit, torvas ſpectans truculenta ſorores;
Et caudam tumido ſub ventre recondidit ingens
Cerberus

My lyre, which heretofore but discord sent
(When senseleſſe Clownes handled the Inſtrument)
Now cheeres our Hindes with moſt melodious Layes,
Whilſt Monck *with skilfull fingers on it playes;*
My coaſts were raviſhed with his Harmonie;
Heaven ſent at laſt this Captain down to me:
From Great Orions *fall,* Arion *ſprings,*
Whoſe Key hath ſweetly ordered all my ſtrings:
The croacking Frogs which late diſturb'd my reſt.
And Graſshoppers that all my Fields poſſeſst
(Since Princely Atlas *was from me exil'd)*
with Swan-like muſick he hath reconcil'd,
This my firſt Swan, my firſt Arion *made*
Sweet melody, when on the Harp he plaid,
Wherewith my troubled bowels were allaid.

Streight Monck *by Providence divine led on,*
Whom Wit and Valour joyntly wait upon,
Climbes o're Orions *tomb: His next aſcent*
Was like to Orpheus *in my Government;*
For having once repair'd my Harp defac'd,
And its diſorder'd ſtrings in order plac'd,
Trees, Floods, and Beaſts do from their ſtations part
And ſtony breaſts were moved by his Art:
The ſhady gate of Pluto *his power fears,*
Groaning Megera *ſhakes her ſnakie hairs,*
Then on her ſiſter looks: Cerberus *grown pale,*
Under his ſwelling belly hides his tail,

Cerberus attonitas ſtimulans ululatibus umbras,
Commotuſque niger *Cocytus* inhorruit antris,
Et vaga *Siſypheis* hæſerunt ſaxa lacertis:
Nec tamen hic rapti ſucceſſor *Orionis*, *Orpheus*
Quem canimus, meritoq; ducem depingimus oſtro;
Diverſum intentabat iter, ſed paſſibus æquis
Inſtitit; egregios complendo fortiter ortus;
Grandiaque inſumpti luſtrans primordia penſi,
Magnanimoſque auſus, intentatoſque labores,
Gnaviter abrepti preſſit veſtigia Divi.

Macte Animi Generoſe *Atlas*! nova gloria noſtri
Orbis, & ad ſeros fama O! ventura nepotes
Nec precor O! juſtas dubites agnoſcere laudes!
Te licet invito celebro, da velle; canoris
Si non poſſe modis meriti ſublimia veſtri
Culmina tanta, humili nobis contingere pulſu.
O liceat (digno ſi non te ornare Cothurno)
At mihi præluſtri ſaltem me ornare ſereno
Solſtitii per cuncta tui? da cernere flammas
Lucenteſque globos, & veſtri ſydera cœli
Ignea, luminibus procul avertentia veſtris:
Da *Scotiæ* dux ultro ſequi? da dicere noſtri
Everſorem Erebi, propulſoremque ruinæ,
Te ſolum & noſtras *Phœbum* expulſiſſe tenebras
Gratius & noſtro qua nemo beatius unquam
Lætitia demulſit Ebur; non ſi ipſe ſuperbus
De *Delpho* jam jamque ſuo redivivus *Apollo*
Surgeret, & digitis plectrum pulſaret eburnis.

Nec

Whose howling cryes affright the Stigian *shades,*
The fearfull noyse Cocytus *den invades,*
And Sisyphus *his rowling stone holds still.*
Nor did this Orpheus *(whose great deeds my Quill*
Attempts in lively colours to expresse
By indirect designs, but good successe,
Perform those noble Acts he had begun,
For having seen how far his Clew would run,
He ascends higher yet, and strives to lead
Us in the paths our former Princes tread.

Go on brave Atlas, *the worlds glorious Eye;*
May your fame live to all posterity;
Let me just Tribute to your Vertues bring,
Though you affect not praises, let me sing
In a soft note your merits, too sublime
For my decrepid Muse as yet to climbe,
Or reach up to, with a low creeping Rhyme:
Give leave (if t be no crime to ask such things)
At your warm beams to prune her flagging wings,
And view those circling Globes of heavenly light
That crown your worth, and dazle our weak sight:
Let me (my Lord) behind you stand, and tell
The World, 'twas you alone that vanquisht Hell,
And sav'd us all from ruine, like the bright
Sun, you dispell'd those clouds that threatned night:
Your Musick better feasted my desire
Then could Apollos, *had he brought his quire,*
And with his ivory fingers toucht the lyre.

But

Nec tamen hic vanis præconia vendere ventis,
Mens mihi, vel falso indigitem depingere Fuco;
Ipsa quidem soli virtus sibi sufficit, omni
Pieridum, vatumque obductu purior ostro:
Sat radiis ditata suis: mens celsa potentem
Sponte facit, dignumque suo Diademate virtus;
Tale tenes meriti spatium, ut mortalia supra
Ingenito assurgas Genio, virtutibus, omni
Dote Animi, quem si Semonem prisca tulissent
Sæcula Romanis quondam stupefacta Triumphis
Ausonium intrasses *Roma* ad plaudente Tribunal
Primus, & haud alio stabilis sub *Cæsare* Consul.
Aut si te *Phrygeo* Danaæ sub littore classes
Vidissent, Danai tacuissent *Nestora*, vates.

Nec tamen hæc vestras metitur *Caledonia* laudes;
Nititur aut meriti rimarier ostia vestri;
Sed mage mellifluos satagens mirarier alveos
Luxuriet, fuso sese ebrietate liquore.

Quo feror o dum tanta fero? quorsum impete vano
Mens mihi per moles discurrit sedula magnas,
Plus semper quo quærit habens? non si mihi centum
Ora sonent, totidemque uno de gutture linguæ,
Aoindesque juvent; non si mihi semper adesset
Eloquii oceanus, spirant præcordia *Phæbo*,
Si mihi vel dederint cœlestia dona Diones,
Ingentes valeam *Monckei* Præsidis actus
Enumerare, meoque amplecti singula cantu.

Sed

But I will not to the world speak your worth,
Or with adulterate fucus paint you forth;
Vertue is her own Herald, shewing best
When she is stript of Poetry, and undrest
Shines in her naked Glory: High minds raise
Themselves to greatness, and deserve the Bayes:
In such an Orb of merits you do move,
Your Vertues, Wit, and Genius, soar above
A mortall flight, could ancient times have seen
Your famous Acts, in triumph you had been
Brought by the Tribunes into Rome, *before*
Great Cæsar, and created Emperour:
Or had the Phrygians *in old* Nestors *dayes*
Known you, they had been silent in his praise.

Nor do I Scotland *here yet go about*
Your worthy Acts t' extoll, or measure out,
But having tasted of that worth which still
Flowes from you, seeks therewith my self to fill.

O whither am I carried in vain?
VVhy do such weights disturbe my labouring brain,
Fuller of matter, then of words? Had I
A hundred tongues, and all the Poetry
The Muses could inspire me with; a sea
Of Eloquence could Phœbus *showre on mee;*
More learning then He owns; or had I all
The knowledge that the Powers celestiall
Enjoy, I were not able to set forth
In Rhyme, or Prose, Moncks *noble Acts, and worth.*

But

Introductio ad diſceſſum Monachi.

Sed dolor heu! dum prona ruo, dumq; inclyta no-
Iam modo *Monckei* ſurgebat adorea rythmis (ſtris
Triſte quod O! ſtreperis ſuperingerit invida ple-
Sors vicibus male fida ſuis, nerviſque remiſſis (ctris
Flectit ebur lugubre ſonans: ſic omnia cæca
Commiſcet fortuna manu, petulantior Euro
Stare loco neſcit, variaſque induta figuras (rans
Splendida, nunc tetra eſt, nunc turbida, nocte peer-
Ludit in humanis nunquam non lubrica rebus.
Quem modo blandentis ſubridens gratia ſortis
Lenimen, lumen, columen, numenque labenti
Dulce dedit, tantis ſucceſſibus æmula raptum
Intulit, & noſtros nobis ſubduxit Amores.
Imperii fuerat *Romani* **Scotia** limes
At nunc ter fælix tanto gaudere Patrono,
Ac Regni qui fræna ſui juſto ordine centum,
Et Septem Regum viginti ſæcula retro
Fælici rexere manu, queis gloria ſolis
Non interruptam ſeriem tenuiſſe regendi
Et non externos unquam timuiſſe furores.
Ecqua (per O) noſtras Metamorphoſis involat oras!
Sic facies tranſverſa poli eſt? mundine dehiſcit
Fabrica? ſic ſeptem *Borea* ſub parte Triones
Permiſcent pelago lachrymas? ſic priſca Bootes
Plauſtra fugit? Num priſca *Helyces* cuſtodia pernox
Negligitur? Num priſca lyræ modulamina noſtræ
Preſſa ſilent rabido damnoſi vulturis æſtu
Nec pelago dent læta meo? Proh triſtia Scoti
Auguria, & ſubiti portentum immane Comætæ!
Nec mirum; Cœline ruant convexa, remoto

Vique

But oh! whilſt I run head-long, and rehearſe
His glorious Deeds in an Heroick verſe,
Fate (envious of my happineſs) turns round
The wheel of Fortune! and a dolefull ſound
Falls from my Harp, thus the blind Goddeſs playes
With mortals, like th' unconſtant wind ſhe ſtayes
In no place fixt, but various ſhapes puts on:
Now cloth'd in night, ſtreight brighter then the Sun,
Making a May-Game *of all humane things,*
Whom ſhe this day advances high, ſhe flings
To morrow down: Who thinks he holds her faſt,
And is her Darling, ſtreight on Earth is caſt.
Thus (jealous of ſucceſs) She HIM *removes*
From hence, and with HIM *hath withdrawn our loves*
Scotland, *that once did* Romes *great Empire bound,*
In ſuch a Patron is thrice happy found,
Whoſe well-rul'd Kingdom in juſt order caſt
One hundred ſeven Kings *twice ten ages paſt,*
With happy hand did guide, to whom alone
This Glory's due, they were ſubdu'd by none.
But oh! what change about our Clime is hurl'd,
Are the two Poles tranſverſt? or will the World
In ſunder cleave! hath Charles's *northern Wain*
Left its old road, and dropt into the Main?
Will not the Wagoner his Teem protect?
Muſt Helyce *its night watch ſtill neglect?*
Shall my Harp yet by plundering Vultures be
Made ſilent, ſhall my Coaſt no good days ſee;
O fatall Omen! Comets ſuch portend!
No wonder? How can Heaven but downward bend

Vique *Atlantiaca*? tantine operoſa Coloſſi
Machina Olympifero ruet in ſua priſtina raptu?

Querela Scotiæ.

Dii mihi! numne meo lux hæc ſit præbita cœlo
Ut ſubito rapiatur, erit? ſic luditur? & ſic
Gliſcit in expleto furor implacabilis æſtro?
Satne datum vicibus? ſic, O ſic uſque retrorſum?
Vortet præcipites levis inconſtantia currus.
Satne precor Raptura prior, ſed & altera, Nobis
Triſtior obveniet? Satne ô Mihi *Arione adempto
Me nuper plexiſſe, & ſic ſpoliaſſe (merentem
Forſitan, & tanti indignum ſolamine Divi)
Satne Mihi hæc jactura gravis? ſed & inſuper Or-
Abrepto, rigidi geminantur fulmina fati? (pheo
Vivimus! an nigro miſeri conceſſimur Orco?
Quod ſcelus! unde ira Superum! Pro dira Sororum
Penſa! nec in tantos quondam ingenioſa furores;
Scilicet O tanto cur me ſic ſternitis ictu
Numina; in hoc lugubri nimium crudelia raptu.
Sic Numerus ſumus, & viles contemnimur umbræ,
Degenereſque Animæ, vicibus hinc inde ſiniſtris
Iugiter aſſiduo fatorum turbine raptæ,
An precor Æthereas me me evexiſtis in arces
Ut lapſu graviore ruam? nuperne dediſtis
Spem Mihi, conceſſam lubet O ſic ſorte reverſa
Tollere, & in veteres me præcipitare ruinas?
Huc *Nemeſis* Furiæque pares! da fugere in iras
Da verſus Mihi *Phœbe* truces, triſteſque querelas
Fundere, ſollicitis Dominumque repoſcere votis.
Inſanire lubet (quid enim manifeſta negemus,

Sæpe

* Carolo 2.

When Atlas *leaves it? or Earth ſtand when great*
Olympus *from the Fabrique doth retreat.*

Yee Gods! is this Light only lent my Sky,
Hence to be tane away ſo ſuddenly?
Will Fortune ever with my ſorrows play;
Hath ſhe no end of changing? will ſhe ſtay
In no place fixt? are not my Ruptures great
Enough, but ſhe muſt make them greater yet?
Is't not enough to rob me of my Prince
(Perhaps too good for me) but ever ſince
To ſpoil and uſe me thus? have I not had
My ſhare of ſorrows? but the Fates muſt add
A heavier loſſe by taking Orpheus *hence?*
Am I alive! or dead? what's my offence?
How come the Gods ſo angry? what's the cauſe
The Deſtinys thus change their ancient laws?
You Powers above! why do you wound me ſo?
In this you too much cruelty do ſhow.
Muſt we for Cyphers, or for ſhadows ſtand?
Degenerate Souls, with what unequal hand
Do Fates their croſſes daily multiply?
Was I but only lifted up on high
To make my fall the greater? did ye give
Me hope of late, and ſuffer me to live
To ſee my ſelf fall headlong as before?
Ariſe you Furies! I your aid implore,
Apollo *ſeaſe my verſe! and give me leave*
T' obtain my Lord, or loſing Him to grieve;

Sæpe quidem insano pietas prorumpit ab æstu;)
Fas Mihi fas Tecum furibundo cominus æstro.
Scotiæ expostulatio cum Anglia
Diva Soli, Domitrixque Maris, formidine pulsa
In lites certare pias, (nec enim improba si Te
Fraterna Ratione premam) da surgere nostram
Ante Rates causam, lachrimarumq; imbre soluto,
Heu nimium imparibus tecum contendere telis!
Diva (per O) quorsum quorsum in dispendia nobis
Commissum hoc nostris revocasti Numen ab oris?
Ecquid enim, nunquid satius tibi tollere dona
Quam donasse fuit, donatumque omine tristi
Surripere, hoc fuerat nobis velut invida luctus?
Anne quod O nostræ videaris ut æmula sorti?
Anne quod Ipsa tui indigeas moderamine Divi?
Suspicor hoc equidem, (nec enim delirat Arusex
Fatidicus) Memini, ah Memini, quod ab Ilice cornix
Nescio raucidulus crocitans, prædixerat ipsis
Sub primis Divi auspitiis, hunc nocte remota
Affore, qui nostris Lucem importaret ab oris,
Halcyonumque dies, atque insperata Colonis
Gaudia, successusque hilares, & tempora votis
Consona, sed subitis rapiendum ex inde quadrigis
Ut rerum graviora ferat, Proh tristia Fati
Auguria! nostris hodie completa querelis.

Scotiæ expostulatio cum Gubernatore Dom. *Monacho.*
O *Dux Magne* (licet Tecum sed poplite flexo,
Nube sub hac rigidi mihi fas contendere fati)
Fare agedum, O! quis Te tanta in fastidia nobis
Egit, et incæptos crudelis rupit Amores?

I am ſtark mad! why ſhould I it deny
Out of a zealous madneſs, Piety
Oft-times breaks forth: 'Tis lawfull ſure for me
Dear Sister England *(Goddeſs of the Sea)*
To fight with holy weapons, it's no ſin
To reaſon with me, let us then begin
To plead my cauſe before Thee; and when tears
Are paſt, behold! how juſt my cauſe appears!
Wherefore (O Goddeſs) didſt Thou take away
My Lord, and would'ſt not let Him with Me ſtay?
What! did you only gifts on Me beſtow,
Then ſnatch them back, to breed my future woe?
You much envy in this act did expreſs:
Or did you emulate my Happineſs?
Or rather want Monck's *preſence to protect*
Your Nation? This indeed I did ſuſpect;
Nor did the Augure fail: Alas I know
What the late Ravens croackings did foreſhow
At His firſt coming hither! How the Night
Drew near, when we muſt look our wiſht-for Light:
How all theſe Halcyon *days, that gave ſucceſs*
To the glad Ploughmans labours, and did bleſs
Our Land with peace, muſt ſoon paſs o're, that we
Might afterwards more miſerable be
O fatall Prophecy, now found true by me.

Give leave (Great Sir) with you t' expoſtulate
On bended knees, the cauſe of my bad fate;
Pray, tell me who hath that ill office done,
To break our Loves off, ſo ſoon as begun?

Am

Ecquid io! credamne miſer? vertigo cerebrum
Num capit? an tanti vana ſub imagine damni
Stulta laboriferam deludunt ſomnia mentem?
O exſpes ſpes fluxa! quid O! quid abire paratis
Illuſtres Animæ! quorſum O dulcedine tanta,
Sic radii placuere Tui, vultuſque ſereno
Sole micans, veſtrique hilaris præſentia cœli?
Ecquid io! vix viſus abis! tantumne licebat
Adſpicere, & veſtro mentem exhilarare ſub ortu
Oſtendendus ades nobis; tandemque Catervis
Anglorum rapiendus eris? ſic meſſe ſub ipſa
Conglomeras Te (Dive Tibi)! ſic invide (verbo
Heic veniam) Autumni juvat O tot grandia veſtri
Incrementa alios Tecum ſubducere in uſus;
Integra ſic meriti fælix vindemia veſtri
(Te removente) Tuo furtim intumulabitur horreo?
Nec dabitur Te pone ſequi, ſpicaſque cadentes
Colligere, & veſtros guſtu vix prendere odores?
Præmodicæ quæ cauſa moræ! dic Dive coruſcum
Exeris occultando juba? ſuperingere cauſam
Ocyus! & tantæ fontem diſclude repulſæ!
Num tenui quod ſorte ferar, quodque infima fuſas
Tot circum videar gentes? quod grandibus auſis
Virtuti multum inferior per ſingula veſtræ
Tale quod heic de Te num ſuſpicer æmula? noſtrum
Cui merito pridem regimen ſubriſit! & ultra
Mens (humili ſub valle latens) contendere nunquam
Pruriit! hac ſola contentus ſorte fuiſſes,
In Te ſublimes ſi non pia numina dotes,
Ingentemque Animum rebus gravioribus aptum
Vidiſſent,

Am I indeed undone? or is my brain
Diſturb'd with windy vapours? or do vain
Conceits, with frightfull dreams, delude my mind?
O hopeleſs Hope! What are you ſo unkind?
(Illuſtrious Soul) to leave me thus? O how
Did your beams pleaſe Me! and your ſerene brow,
Shining like Phœbus, *cheer my drooping Clime?*
What! are You gone ſo ſoon? have You no time
To ſtay, whilſt I revive my dying Heart?
Are You but ſhewn us, and muſt hence depart,
Guarded with Engliſh? Thus the Harveſt nigh
(My Lord) to leave Us: O! how I envy
Your abſence hence; Muſt others with you reap
Th' Autumn of Your labours? will you keep
Within the private Cabin of your breſt
The Fruits of your great Merits? muſt I reſt
Behind, and not glean after ſo much worth?
Or ſmell thoſe precious Odors You caſt forth?
What makes You ſtay thus long? did You go hence
To rob Me of Your Beams, or Influence?
Reſolve Me quickly, and the ſpring diſcloſe:
Is it becauſe I'm poor, and do expoſe
To forraign Climes my People? or do look
Too mean for thoſe high deeds You undertook?
Yet why ſhould I diſtruſt ſuch things of One,
Under whoſe Government our Nation
Was truly bleſt? Whoſe humble Mind was free
From all Ambition, and content with Me,
Had not the Gods endow'd your mighty ſpirit
With gifts ſublime, and made you apt to merit

Far

Vidiſſent, Tua Te Virtus, Probitaſque, Fideſque
Et Meriti ſublimis Apex, Famæque loquacis
Impetus, invito noſtris ſemovit ab arvis.

O Animi (effuſis nimium virtutibus) aucti
Robur, & ingenii tanta in faſtigia prompti
Inſita vis, ſupra Aſtra volans? O parcius in Te
Blandula nectareos fudiſſent numina rores,
Et Vires noſtræ pariles tantummodo Genti!
Sed (dolor heu) tanto ſe evacuavit acervo
Prodiga ſub veſtris cœli Indulgentia cunis.
(Rythmis
Sed quid in hoc! ſtreperis quorſum velut ebria
Numina, veſano juvat attemerare tumultu?
Num Superos, num Fata querar; num præbita Divo
Munera, tot doteſque Animi! temeraria fundit
Verba miſer quiſquis cæleſtibus obſtrepit Aſtris
Neſcius? & recti Trutinam non penſat *Olympi*?
Me querar Authorem potius; detur omine triſti
Velle Mihi propriis in me confligere telis,
Arguor heu cœlo ſcelerum rea, ſpargitur æther
Flagitiis hinc inde meis? meritoque flagello
Rupturæ (Dux Magne) Tuæ, mihi terga dehiſcunt,
Verberor haud inſons? dirum ac miſerabile vitæ
Supplicium hoc, veſtro fera fert & carmina raptu:
Crimina cuderunt mihi tot diſcrimina, noſtrum
Triſte nefas, veſtro longe caſtroque remoto
Iamque movere ardet? vitiis pia numina noſtris
Horrendum commota fremunt, raptuque ſevero
Te tandem noſtris ſatagunt ſubducere terris.

Nec

Farre greater Things. Your Goodneſs, Piety,
Faith, and Deſerts hath rais'd your Fame ſo high,
You muſt remove from us againſt our wills.
O Immenſe Mind which Virtue overfills,
And Wit advances to a pitch ſo high,
You ſeem above the fixed Stars to flie.
Had Heaven not all its favours on you thrown,
My Countrey had found Worthies of her own.
But O! the Powers have emptied their whole ſtore
Upon your Highneſs, and have left me poor.

But why do I with ſtaggering Rhymes complain?
Or ask help of the angry Gods in vain?
Shall I them, or the Fates accuſe? or be
Such gifts and wiſdom given t' a Deitie?
But he's prophane, who ignorant of the Laws
Divine, exclaims againſt them without cauſe.
I'le blame my ſelf, and at my own breaſt throw
Theſe arrows, I on others would beſtow.
Shall I that guilty am with Heaven contend,
Whoſe ſins 'gainſt God, o're the whole Skies extend?
Your abſence (noble Sir) my heart divides,
And is become a whip to ſcourge my ſides;
I ſuffered not for nought, my faults deſerv'd
This puniſhment; and I am juſtly ſerv'd;
My ſins were great, and caus'd you to remove
Your tents far from me; all the Powers above
Enrag'd againſt me, did at length deſign,
To take away your Lordſhip from my Clime.

Nec tamen indomitis noſtris removebere ab oris,
Vel furtim ad pátrios Tua Te vehet Argo Penates
Proſequar, (& fari liceat) Te proſequar æſtro
Forſan Amatoris ſævi ſed ſemper Amoris
Te contra inſurgam ſtimulis haud mollibus, aucto
Pondere, Te titulis, Te Mille onerabo Trophæis
Tantundem obſequio ſic diſcruciabere noſtro;
Pondere terga gement vario, fuſiſque querelis
Et precibus, Laudumque pari glomeramine miſto,
Invito Te Pompa premit, ruet improba Tecum,
In Luctus, Laudeſque pares, Gens integra flecti
Impatiens renuenſque regi; plexiſque Corollis,
Atque hedera, Lauruque, & quicquid tempora grati
Veris habent, quicquid florum per paſcua paſſim
Suggerit, immiſcens varios natura colores,
Inclyta ſolenni decorabit Tempora cultu?

Te quocunque Polus rapiat, per ſicca, per undas,
Dona per, & Meriti ſublimia culmina veſtri,
Ibo comes, *Patremque* ſequar, raptumque repoſcam
Auguriis, votiſque premam; gremioque recondam
Te totum; Abſenſque aderis Mihi ſemper; Amores
Diminuet Sors nulla meos; ruat Orbis, *Olympus*
Mole ſua ſubito deſcendat in æquora lapſu,
Cuncta licet medium fiant Mare, ſæviat in me
Tranſverſis ſors læva rotis; memorabere præſens
Mille per adverſi ſtridentia fulmina fati,
Triſte licet langueſcit Ebur, nerviſque refracti
Serpat humi; (finis qui ſitque ignara malorum)

Te

Yet did you not without a glorious train
Return hence to your Countrey back again;
And I muſt follow You; yea court You ſo
As jealous Rivals do their Miſtreſs woo,
Not envying Your Titles, but ſhall rather
Augment them, and a thouſand Trophees gather,
Then place them at Your feet: You are perplext
With various preſſures; How is Your ſoul vext
with tears, and prayers, and praiſes of the rude
Crowd (that about you throngs) the Multitude?
Who with applauſes mix complaints, and know
No Government, nor can obedience ſhow.
Theſe Garlands weave of Ivy, and of Bayes,
And whatſoever Flowers the Spring diſplayes
In various colours, to ſet out their State,
Who ſhall on Your triumphant Chariot wait.
Where e're You move, whether by Land or Sea,
Your Merit ſtill ſhall draw Me after Thee.
I'le wait on You, my Patron; and if tane
Away, my Prayers ſhall bring You back again;
I'le hide You in my breaſt: Though You remove
From hence, no accident ſhall change my love.
Should Heaven, or great Olympus, headlong be
Caſt in the Main, and all become one Sea;
Or Fortune frown; a thouſand dangers ſet
Before me; Yet I never ſhall forget
Your preſence. Though my lyre hath loſt its ſound,
And with diſordered ſtrings layes on the ground,

Te tamen introrsum læsa diffundet ab alvo,
Gestaque venturis memorabit masculæ sæclis.

Indulge O Tibi plura feram; datur O Mihi tan-
Heic precibus Te Mille sequi, tristiq; tenore, (dem
Spúmea votifonis distendere labra loquelis:
Mæsta licet non multa tamen? quot tristia fiunt
Mille sub his nostris celestia Numina votis?

Dii Mihi! numine Meo æternum valedicere Divo
Cogar, & extremos Pelago committere Planctus!
Etquid enim! dicam ne vale? sed & ardet, & optat,
Et [illegible]mo Te velle Vale demittere! gestit
In[illegible]nare Vale Tibi; sed Valedicere durum
Pensat; & invito tantundem reddere plectro.
Cogitur infando, sic O sic undique zelo (nam
Rapta feror, titubatque Mihi Mens nescia quo-
Flectit iter, tales Amor integer urget in Æstus
Præcipitem, Raptusque Tui funebris Imago
Involat, immemoremque Mei, per singula reddit.
Quam lubuit dixisse (Redi) sed justa negoti
Suspitio gravioris obest, exspemque repellit.
Irrita ne refragos videar deposcere Divos,
Et tamen, O dilecte, Vale! Vale! urget Orexis
Obsequii, tantumque Tibi devovit Amoris
Impetus, & Meriti Pietas sat conscia vestri.

Quid moror! extremum dum sic Mihi Classica can-
Ingeminant, dum ipsa suis clangoribus Argo (tum

Æsonidem

Yet shall it strive to celebrate your name,
And unto future Ages speak your fame.

Go on! (Great Sir) whilst with a thousand Prayers
And sad complaints, I follow you in tears.
I'm troubled, yet not mute; my misery
Makes all the Powers Celestiall grieve with me.
Ye Gods! must I for ever bid farewell
Unto my Lord, and to the Ocean tell
My grief? Alas! how shall I say Adieu?
My Harp such a sad lesson never knew:
Yet in your absence it can do no lesse
Then wish your Highnesse health and happinesse!
And bids you twice Farewell; but cannot speak
Adieu, unless each string in pieces break:
O with what Zeal unspeakable am I
Transported? my tost'd-mind cannot descry
What path to take! so passionate is love,
It wounds my Soul to think of your remove,
And makes me all concerns besides forget.
How gladly would I say (Return)! but yet
I fear great businesse keep you back! Then why
Beg I in vain what all the Gods deny?
Then O! Farewell! Farewell my only Dear!
'Tis fit the Love I owe should now appear,
So long since due.

But why do I thus stay,
When I hear Trumpets calling Him away?

And

Æsonidem imperiosa vocet, Consurge catervis
Ocyus O gens fusa Tuis, glomeramine facto
Magnates, Proceresque, & Gens trabeata Quiritum,
Curia quos, vel Rostra tenent, vel Pulpita fundunt
Sacra Sacerdotes, vel quos *Edina* ministrat,
(Insignes pietate patres) facto Agmine primi
Sollennes ducant Choreas, *Bellona* Phalanges
Evocet, & longa secum trahat agmina pompa:
Agmina migrantem circumtectura Magistrum
Pone ruat Plebs prona, suo solitoque tumultu
Sit strepor, & fuso paulum data copia vulgo,
Sic stupeat stupor ipse hodie, descendat *Olympus*
Spectando, excitus studio dum talia nostris
(Heu nimium properata) patent spectacula terris.
Interea ignivomis suprema palatia nimbis
Grande tonent; fuso globulorum grandine, tellus
Icta tremat; stupefacta imis in vallibus Ecchо
Evigilet, sonituque pari responsa remittat;
In flammas sic æther eat, sic percita late
Compita, sulphureis clarescant plena favillis;
Et solito Scloppis paulum de more solutis,
Horridus ardentes miles vertatur in ignes;
Obsequio flagrans humili, devotaque tanto
Thura Duci, faustumque Vale per fulmina fundat.

Tandem clara sua *Dalkethea* reddit ab Aula
Triste salutandum populo; Patremq; Ducemq;
Gentis, consuetoque cubilia Numine plena
Sic O mole sua (per murmura, perque Triumphos,

Per

And the Drum beat a ſudden March for all
The Army, to attend their Generall.
Then quickly haſt, with all your noble train
Of Peers, and Lords, and Gentry, that remain
In Court or Countrey; all that wear the Gown,
And thoſe religious Prieſts, whoſe learning crown
Fair Edenburgh; *the Officers lead on*
The Van, whilſt Fierce Bellona *calls upon*
The Rear to follow; each obſerves his place,
Then ſhouts for joy, to ſee their Generals face:
The common People (made of noiſe) make haſte
To gape upon Him ere the ſhow be paſt.
All ſtood amaz'd that day: A world of Men
Became Spectators——But grief ſtops my pen
To think what loſſe my coaſts did then ſuſtain!
Hark! the great Guns in horrid tones complain
Of His departure! and Earths fabrick ſhakes;
Th' aſtoniſh'd Eccho at the noyſe awakes,
And from her hollow cave doth back return
An anſwer to it: The Skies *do ſeem to burn.*
Hot coals of Sulphur *round the Plains are ſhook:*
And as the Guns go off, the Souldiers *look*
As if they dwelt in flames; or did deſire
To give a Farewell to their Lord in fire.

At length Dalkeith *from her fair palace ſhews,*
The object of the Peoples Joyes and Woes;
Our Nations Prince, and Father, as he moves
Along, the Multitude expreſs their Loves

In

Per Luctus, Laudesq; pares; perq; hostica Amoris
Tela; per applausus tristes, per mille susurras;
Per desiderii flammas; per fulmina Zeli;
Plana per, anfractusque pares, atque invia rerum;
Seque per O Ipsum pariter, per viscera contra
Se sua, crudelem Domini damnantia raptum,
Mille per ingenita, & sibi mansuetudinis æstus,
Mille per oppositas Animi dubitabilis undas,
Fusaque tantarum per tot discrimina rerum,
Secum multa Animo (nostris graviora) revolvens
Procedat fusa Phœnix ad littora pompa.

Quo te agis O lasciva Chelys? per nubila sæpe
Fit Iubar, & tenebris lux emicat alma sub ipsis!
Triste piis nil esse diu; conceditur, arcu
Seposito, Cytharam tandem Pater urget eburnam;
Extremum perpende Vale, dum littora Phœnix
Vestra premit, streperis paulum desiste querelis;
Et Patris infandas heic imbibe læta loquelas.

Oratio D. Monachi ad Scotos.

Gens tantas perpessa vices! Fatique protervis
Usque adeo subjecta rotis! tot trita siniſtris
Æstubus, & circumfusi glomeramine Ponti
In cumulum contracta tuum, vix insula (damni
Oceanum dum trano tui) tamen Insula, nostræ
Es soror, invictis pridem commissa *Britannis*,
Gens raptu commota meo! quorsum ægra furores
Nec quicquam, & varios dispergis in æthera quæ-
Signantur decreta poli! Sententia Divum (stus?
De reditu stat firma meo, (sic lumina rore

Tersit

In grief and triumph; Complaints mixt with praiſe,
Sighs with Applauſes: and where e're He ſtayes,
By all the flames of Love and Zeal; by all
That's ſmooth or craggy; by things myſticall;
Yea, by Himſelf, they beg Him to return,
Whoſe bowels inwardly for them do burn.
Yet on He goes, but fain would ſtay behind,
Millions of cares ſtill rowling in his Mind:
Thus with a noble Train, but a ſad heart,
This noble Phœnix did from Scotland *part.*

But ſtay my Harp!——oft from dark clouds comes light,
And day at length breaks up from blackeſt night;
Sadneſs (like ſmoak) doth from the juſt retire,
The Bow laid by, Apollo *takes his lyre;*
Whilſt on thy ſhoar this Phœnix ſtands, prepare
His Farewell; but from all complaints forbear,
And cheerfully thy Fathers laſt words hear.

Afflicted Nation! ſubject to the wheels
Of Fate, who under ſuch croſs fortune reels!
How art thou compaſt with a ſwelling Sea,
Which ſtrives in its great flood to ſwallow thee?
Scarce half an Iſle (when I thy loſſes view)
But yet an Iſle! and Englands *ſiſter too;*
Who troubled thee of late. Thy griefs aſſwage
And do not thus in vain gainſt Heaven rage;
God hath decreed, and doth confirm't, I ſhall
Return from hence! (witneſs theſe tears that fall

Terſit in hoc tumebunda pio) ſtans adſpice ca-
Quo vehar,& veſtris actutum abducor ab oris,(ſtrum
Me ſupra eſt,qui Regna rotat, cui publica noſtri
Tota Orbis res prona ſubeſt: parere paratum
Me viden? & ſubter tanto *Omnipotente* Miniſtrum
Morigerum, veſtris qui me nunc evocat oris
Arbitrio,Nutuque ſuo; Qui Me tibi pridem
Miſerat, & triplicæ Gentis dominatur habenas,
Me,me alio jam jamque vocat; nec conſtat,an inde
(Pondere ſuppoſito hoc) longe graviora ſuperſint
Hiſce humeris ſubeunda meis? Det Robur *Olympi*
Rector, & æquales in tanta negotia vires!
Atque equidem hoc quanto per tot diſcrimina niſu
Veſtra meis ſuffulta humeris ſit *Scotica* moles;
Teſtor in hoc circumfuſas hinc inde catervas.
Illicet (& fateor, laudis procul abſit inanis
Gloria, dum memoro) cultu meliore niteſcit
Barbiton, & noſtra ſolito modulantius arte
Dictat Epos,Numeris(fateor)non undique rectis,
Fila ſuis ſtant æqua locis: latet anguis in herba
Intus adhuc, tacita nonnulla coaxat in alvo
Rana crepans,removenda minis,quæ Schiſmate fa-
Laxat in oppoſitos diſcordia fila furores; (cto
Illicet hæc Lerna eſt,veſtris damnoſa colonis,
In qua centenis dominatur hiatibus Hydra,
Hydra recens obitu, validis cui nulla ſagittis
Vis potis indomito ſi non [a] *TIRINTHIUS* auſu
Semideus, rabidum ferro, & pice comprimat An-
Dedecus hoc veſtris abolere penatibus; ardor(guem,
Me meus adverſum ſtimulis agitabat acutis.

[a] *Carolus 2.*

Sed

Down from mine Eyes!) See where my Tents do ſtand!
Behold! I am compell'd to leave your Land!
He dwells above, who Scepters *ſwayes, and all*
The world muſt be obedient to his call.
Look how I am prepar'd! but yet too ſlow
A ſervant, knowing God doth bid me go.
'Twas He firſt ſent Me to You, who the Reins
Of theſe three Kingdoms in his hand contains.
Although I'm call'd another way, yet I
Am not concern'd, if this great weight caſt by
I muſt bear greater. Thoſe whom God employes
Their ſtrength doth ſtill their burdens equalize.
And how I did through all diſaſters wade,
When Scotlands *troubles on my ſhoulders laid,*
I call you all to witneſs who here meet:
Farewell ſelf-praiſe whilſt I theſe things repeat;
My Harp doth only what's divine impart,
Making melodious Muſick by my Art.
But I percieve ſome ſtrings are falſe! Alas
There lurks a ſnake ſtill under the green graſs?
Within the womb a croacking Frog is nurſt,
Which muſt be forced out. And Schiſm *accurſt*
Fills the diſordered ſtrings with jarring ſounds,
This is the Lerna that our Hynds confounds!
In which the Hundred-headed Hydra dwells,
(A Monſter late reviv'd) whom no Dart kills,
Till our Herculean Semi-God *at leaſt*
With fire and ſword conſume this helliſh Beaſt,
Root out this Plague; it was my whole intent
To have deſtroy'd it, e're from you I went.

Sed me alio *Superi*, Remoramque injecerat ausis
b *Cær.* 2. *Summus* b *Atlas*, cui Me pridem meaq; omnia vovi.

Ne tamen interea tanti contemptor Amoris,
Aut videar vestris altum Valedicere Rebus;
Læta Canam; nostro Gens O sic turbida raptu!
Te tamen O! Te tolle hilarem; nova gaudia vestris
c *Per Phæbum subinnuit adventum Caroli Regis.* Insperata ruant Animis; Absentia c *Phœbo*
Nostra Novo reparanda patet, deludat *Olympus*
In curam, Columenque tuum? properantius instans
Huc nostri sub *Nocte* abitus, *Aurora* quadrigis
Accelerat faustumque Tibi propendet in Ortum,
Nuncia venturi post tot modo tetrica *Phœbi*
Sæcla *CALEDONIÆ* promittit & aurea Genti

Dixit! & Eloquio sic per compendia fuso
Pacati assensere poli, fusisque catervis
Tranquillum rediere Animi, perque agmina late
Murmur iit: rupto veluti cum spumeus alveo
Arva super gratos emittit *Nilus* acervos:
Ebria luxuriant sata, (quondam mortua) valles
Tripudiant, pictos promittunt pascua flores:
Ocyus applausu circumstans turmaque tanto
Percita, sulphureos sese inflammavit in ignes!
Ascensu lasciva suo; sic undique rerum
Iucundæ exultant facies, torp reremoto
Dulcia sub tristem renovantur gaudia raptum.

Ista inter dum sic violenta aspergine pectus
Curarum spumabat aquis, æstuque fremebat

Tot

But Heaven forbids it now, and my Great PRINCE
(Whoſe Orders I obey) commands Me hence.

Till then I ſhall not your Afflictions ſlight,
Or ever to your Intereſt bid good-night:
I ſing glad News! ——O! greive not that I part
Unhop'd for Joys appear!—— lift up thy Heart,
The times are changing,! Though I abſent be,
A New Sun *(brighter then my ſelf) you'le ſee.*
Heaven labours for your welfare; whilſt I'm gone
Night flees; The Moon her robes of light puts on,
And (haſt'ning to her Chariot) deſcries
Long-wiſh'd for Phœbus *ſuddenly will riſe,*
Whoſe rayes ſhall Clouds diſperſe, and grief aſſwage
And back to Scotland *bring the Golden Age.*

Thus did He end his Speech ſo well compos'd,
Heavens ſmil'd, and all the Multitude diſclos'd
Their calm reſentments. Streight about the fields
Such a ſoft murmure flees, as Nilus *yields*
When his high ſwelling flood the banks o'reflow;
The drunken Earth (half dead before doth ſhow
Large crops of Corn, Flowers in each Paſture grow.
His neighbouring Army (hearing what was ſpoke)
Diſcharge their Muskets, and in fire and ſmoak
Return back their aſſents; all things put on
A pleaſing look; and ſadneſs being gone,
Joy did aſſume her place.

Whilſt thus my breaſt
With violent ſeas of ſorrows was oppreſt;

Monck

Tot vario poſtquam ſeſe evacuaſſet Amore,
Diſcedens *Scotiæ* tandem Dux Maximus, Arma
Max capit, & vocis reſonantia murmura tantæ
Pertæſam querulamque moræ, (cunctamine preſſo
Deſiliit ſublimis equo, (Gentemque ſalutans,
Mollia ſuaveolam porrexit ad oſcula dextram,

Tum vero infremuere Animi, tacituſq; per artus
Horror iit, ſubito vulgi pia pectora bellis (res,
Plena tument, tumidos Amor æmulus urget hono-
Et luctus celeres ciet in certamina laudes,
Bella intus ſibi quiſq; movet; nunc hæſitat; & nunc
Fidus ovat, dum ſpectat iter, deſperat; at inde
Dum jubar, en *Phœbi* luſtrat venientis, abortam
Spem fovet, & tantis ſpondet ſibi læta ſub umbris.

Sic ubi forte viro vaſtum ſuper Æquor ituro
(Ad ſua tranſtra ratis, ſciſſo redit Anchora fundo)
Hæret amica uxor, certatque innectere collo
Brachia, manantesque oculos atque oſcula turbat
Vaſta caligo maris, retinet mora nulla paratum,
Ipſa quidem vano necquicquam numine queſtu
Sollicitat, ſponſumque tonat ſibi remige verſo
Actutum furibunda dari; ſicque irrita late
Verba vomens, Patrios dolet increbreſcere ventos,
Et fauſtum vix optat iter; ſed & optat, & ardet;
Ardet Amor, longo fugientia Carbaſa viſu
Dulce ſequi; variaſque ſibi movet anxia curas.

Stat

Monck (having ſhewn his Love ſo many wayes)
Leaves Scotland! and at laſt himſelf conveyes
Home to his Camp, (who at his ſtay complain)
But looking back, and ſeeing the large train
Of Scots that followed Him: He makes a ſtand,
And leaves his Steed, that each might kiſs his hand.

Then all renew their grief; a trembling fear
Poſſeſſes every joynt; their faces were
The badge of ſorrow! their Affections make
Them jealous of each other: ſtreight they break
Forth into praiſe. Each with his own mind wars;
Diſtruſts, hopes, joyes, and ſome again diſpairs;
Till they behold their Princely Sun ariſe,
Whoſe beams dry up the tears fall from their eyes.

So when for forraign Climes the Merchant's bound,
(Whilſt Sayls are hoyſt, and Anchors weigh'd from ground)
His loving Wife (with eyes fixt on the deck)
Labours to twine her Arms about his Neck,
And fain would kiſs him, but the unkind Main
Denyes that favour; (left alone) in vain
She 'gainſt her Husband and the Gods exclaims;
Curſes the Ship, the Seas, the Winds; then blames
Her paſſion; wiſhing him a proſperous gale,
And prayes no ſtorms his Veſſel may aſſail:
But when the fleeing ſayls far off ſhe views,
She weeps afreſh, and late complaints renews;

Yet

Stat tamen, & notam puppim de rupe ſalutat
Turbida, ter geminoque Vale, Vale, urget euntem.
Sic tandem (vix ſponte ſuos repetenda penates)
Orba licet Domino, charo tamen aucta Pupillo
Spiranti per cuncta Patrem requieſcit; & aucto
Spe jam blandidulo ſeſe oblectatur *Julo*.

Talis erat Domino quantum commota remoto,
Tantundem ingeſto Gens luxurioſa Magiſtro.

Dinde *Caledonii* abrepto numine ab oris,
Londini adglomerata Cohors, ſolennia pulſis
Luctibus (occulto licet obluctantibus æſtu)
Dulcia inire parat, Redit O! Riſuq; Triumphat
Tota novo, tanto ſub *Directore* Caterva!

Qualiter extremi ſupremo in cardine Mundi
Purpureis rutilans pennis, comptiſſima Phœnix
Fulva viget, caudam roſeis interlita punctis,
Æthæreum per inane volans flammantia *Phœbi*
Lumina, nativo (mirandum) illuminat oſtro;
Effuſas volucrum rapiens per nubila turmas:
Sic redeunt Cives; reditumque applauſibus ornant
Magnates, Iuveneſque, & quos *Bellona* Phalanges
Struxerat, unanimis vulgi applaudente Caterva
Illum autem in mediis, Oſtroq; Auroq; coruſcum;
Rorantem placidos divini Nectaris imbres
Prona Cohors miro circumvallabat honore.

Vive

Yet ſtill ſhe ſtands, and with intentive eyes
Purſues the Ship; and twice Adieu ſhe cryes:
At laſt conſtrained, back to her Houſe returns,
And for her abſent Spouſe a ſhort while mourns:
But when the Fathers Image ſhe eſpies
In her fair Child, all ſorrow from her flies.

Thus at her Lords departure Scotland *greived,*
Till hope of ſeeing CHARLES *her heart releived.*

Then Monck *to* London *from the* Scottiſh *Coaſt*
Removes, attended by a gallant Hoaſt:
The City (proud of ſuch a Gueſt) prepares
To bid Him welcome, and no charges ſpares;
But all Him for a Deity adore,
Sent to their help. So on the Indian ſhore
The Phœnix having her bright wings diſplay'd.
And her embroidered Tail in order laid
(Whoſe golden Plumes add luſtre to Heavens fire)
Aſcends the Sky attended by a Quire
Of leſſer Birds, who round about her ſings,
Whilſt ſhe the upper Region boldly wings.

Thus Englands *Nobles, and a warlike Train,*
Preſſed by a crowd of people, entertain
With great applauſe their valiant Generall,
Who bravely mounted in the midſt of all
His armed Troops, like the bright Sun appears,
Whoſe glorious preſence the whole Nation cheers.

Long

Vive tuis fælix fatis (dux Magne) ruentis
Præsidium, Columenque orbis, tutela *Britannum.*
I, surge in famam, quæ jam te amplectitur ulnis.
Stipatus Populi votis, age digna Triumphō;
Ut tandem agnoscant lati Confinia Mundi
Ingenio *Monachi* quod Regna redempta STUARTI.

FINIS.

Long may you live (Great Sir) to reconcile
The jarring World, and prop up Britains *Isle:*
Go on, Fame hugs you in her breast, do things
Worthy of Trophees for the best of KINGS,
That all the Confines of the World may see,
Monck *regain'd* CHARLES *his Crown by policy.*

THE END.